

RICHMOND TERMINAL

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NO. 25.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE DANGER OF COEDUCATION.

By William Lee Howard, M. D.

We have reached that point in human knowledge, or, in other words, we are getting back to common sense, where even the most perceptive mind is unable to explain the perplexing nature of the educational method of mixing the sexes in the same school. We are now fully awake to the great danger of coeducation, and we are constantly aware of the fact that the great psychological and physiological changes and moods which are constantly occurring in the adolescent have done much harm. This injury to young boys and girls in trying to educate them together is well known to physicians and psychologists. Many doctors have tried to explain these important matters to parents and teachers, but so wrongly impressed have been these parents and teachers of the past that many physicians have given up in disgust, and some of them have lost patients by attempting to tell the truth.

This fog which has enveloped parents and teachers must be blown away and the true educational course of our daughters and sons clearly shown. Ideas are changing; truths are forcing themselves to the surface, and in the younger generation of parents and teachers I find eagerness to have the doctors tell of the false method this country has followed in mixing the adolescents in classes at the public high schools. Older and wiser countries know better. The Housekeeping.

THE MIGRATION INTO CANADA.

By Agnes C. Laet.

If half a million American settlers suddenly pulled up roots and migrated to a body of water, the event would be hardly as one of the most important movements of the century. Yet this is virtually what happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years.

In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone North as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing: very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than \$1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from \$2,000 to \$10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the \$10,000 placed by the Morgan banking

house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the \$200,000 and \$300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies.

Average the American newcomer's capital at \$2,000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada first by canoe, 1,500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion-dollar average is too small by half. The Century.

WEATHER TRUST LATEST CHARGE.

By Emerson Hough.

Our weather bureau is a trust. One by one, it has absorbed the State services and the hydrographic office reports, until today it is one of the most beautifully bureaucratic bureaus known in this land of the free. It is a trust; but, contrary to the practice of our most benevolent trusts, it does not hand us out a better article for less money. It hands us out the same article for more money. If we could prove even this much, we should have a story worth the writing; and we can prove not only this, but very much more.

By way of indictment of our Delphic oracle at Washington, we may make the following specific and definite charges:

1. That it is unduly expensive.
2. That it does not progress.
3. That it is excessively explanatory and excessively self-defensive.
4. That its service is general and not specific, where specific service is the only sort which can possibly be of value to the average individual man.
5. That it is evasive and intentionally ambiguous.
6. That it offers no well-founded hope of improvement in local forecasting.

As to the expense of this service, we paid last year more than \$1,600,000 for it; more than any other nation in the world has ever thought of expending. Yet our bureau does not serve a greater population nor a wider range of interests and industries than are served in other civilized countries. Our institution is like other things American. It is bigger and costs more than anything of its kind in the world, also. Like other things American, it is cursed with politics.

Most things American, however, are progressive. The serious and humiliating truth is that our weather bureau does not progress. Twenty years of costly experiment by the weather bureau have failed to develop one decided improvement in weather prediction. Yet in thirty-eight years the cost of the service has risen from \$15,000 to \$1,602,260 a year. Everybody's Magazine.

STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

Incident of Their Glorious Tour Told by the Great Soldier's Wife.

Gen. Grant's birthday recalls to mind many characteristic anecdotes of the "silent man." One that Mrs. Grant used to delight in telling was an incident that happened when they made the famous trip around the world, as they were going through the Mediterranean, the Washington Post says. She told it apropos of a story that was widely published of how the general, during the Civil War, happened into the home of a unionist in the south, quitted a colicky baby by walking it up and down the floor and singing to it while the mother prepared some chicken for his luncheon. Now, Gen. Grant could neither sing nor whistle; in fact, he could not turn a tune, and the story, therefore, was made out of whole cloth. When they were sailing through the Mediterranean on the United States man-of-war Vandalia they passed the island celebrated in Homer's verse as the home of the sirens, whither Ulysses was decoyed by these seductive ladies.

As their ship neared the island a number of the officers abroad went ashore to look at the place where the sirens were supposed to live. Mrs. Grant and her husband were with them. When they were about to land, the sirens appeared, and the officers were decoyed by their voices. Mrs. Grant, however, with a brightness with which she was not always credited, replied that Homer's Ulysses had been deceived because he had left his wife, Penelope, at home, while she, on the contrary, taking warning from that old tale had accompanied her Ulysses, whom she felt sure would be protected by her presence even from the sirens who ensnared the classic Ulysses.

COW ATTACKS AUTO.



Dr. Grant Chance of Portland, Ind., will have a large bill to pay for repairs to his auto because of the unquellability of a cow to move out of his way quickly. The doctor was returning from a country call and his machine was going at a good clip when with a suddenness that almost threw the doctor from his seat, the machine struck the cow. The animal was not hurt fatally, but her feelings must have received an awful jar. Reaching her usual stand, with a dozing up motion readily resuscitated by any one who has ever come in contact with cows, she snorted and did things in the way of kicking, horn-bing and kicking in the automobile that must have brought delight subsequent to the heart of the peasant man. She kicked the lamp, the dash, everything that was within reach. Every time she kicked she got a dent or a break. Finally she permitted the auto to proceed on its way. The doctor says he will in the future regard cows along the highway as certain danger signals.

Hard to Kill.

A Michigan school psychologist, J. C. Warburg, who was still new to collecting in the south of France, I discovered one day to my great joy, a large female of Saturnia perched in a bush. The specimen was the first I had ever caught, and I decided, on account of its large body to stuff it in a quite unnecessary operation. I have kept it, and it was apparently killed by being forced into a cyanide bottle, where it was left about an hour. The abdomen was then emptied and the cavity filled with cotton wool soaked in a saturated solution of mercuric chloride. The insect, pinned and set, was discovered next day attempting to fly away from the setting board.

A Terrible Threat.

You say your friend son-in-law holds threats over you? Yes, answered Mr. Cumrat. "He has us where we can't give him any argument at all. Mother and the girls say we must yield for the sake of the family honor."

"Is there a skeleton in the closet?"

"Not at all. He simply announces that unless he has his own way he'll get naturalized and be a plain American citizen."—Washington Star.

Vicious Oculation.

He was having some words with her chaplain.

"I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly.

"Oh, well," said that lady, "vicious kissing like that I can see no objection to."—Boston Transcript.

It occasionally happens that a woman thinks she is looking soulful when she is really looking sour.

A kiss on the lips is worth 8,000,000 ex papes.

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AFTER THE SINGER IS DEAD.

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them.
Fair is the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Silly they are called and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker hurled!

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers
The loved singers and sing
And the wind remembers
Robert Louis Stevenson

It Was to Be

Rosette laughed softly. "It's of no use, Aunt Louise. I'm going on the next boat. He has hoisted the flag and it will be here in ten minutes."

"Do be careful about missing the train," cautioned Mrs. Oxley. "I shall worry if you are out late; remember your fallings!"

The young woman posted. "I never can go anywhere without a peck of advice just as though I was an infant. You haven't said what you wanted Aunt Louise."

What she used, retorted Mrs. Oxley. "It's no more than a can of that potted chicken at Lovell's. What do you say to that, young lady?"

"Hm-hm," murmured Rosette faintly. "I'll think about it, Auntie. Good-bye."

As the boat splashed around the point Rosette looked down at the little red station planted upon the bare sandy knoll like a danger signal. "It will be perfectly horrid in the city—hot and stupid but Aunt Louise must be taught a lesson. I won't have her making any matches for me. Cassius Lanford, indeed! Well, I'll just make the best of it. I can run up to Clara's after I finish my errands. My, but there's a lot of them!" Rosette scanned the pages of her memorandum critically. "Might as well see Mme. Du Shane about that suit while I'm here. I'll jot that down, too."

It lacked an hour of luncheon time when Rosette sank exhausted on the nearest seat in madame's cool parlors. "How will I ever get through this afternoon?" she sighed groaned. "I've a great many errands to take the next train back, but then I'd be sure to see that—that creature! And if I should stop at any of the resorts the folks would find it out. No, I'll stay until the 5:10 if I—mell!"

Rosette looked out of the window listlessly. Across the way two huge gray lions sunned themselves on either side of a wide-pillared portico. "There," Rosette started with renewed energy. "I'll go over to the gallery right after lunch and look at those etchings Miss Carew was speaking of yesterday."

A tall, finely-built young fellow was



ROSETTE'S INTEREST BEGAN TO WANE

with grizzled hair and beard and the rolling gait of a sailor.

"Will you take me across, captain?" Rosette put the question anxiously.

"Couldn't think of it, my man—just one passenger. I'm looking for a tick-

lah night, but ye can't tell. If it was of Huron, now, I'd know just what to depend on, of the signs wuz fer foul, w'y foul it ud be, but this ere's the most spiteful, capressious teacup full!"

"But I must get over some way!" Rosette started as though she had serious intentions of waiting the distance.

"If it ain't that Oxley girl! W'y, I didn't know ye! An' your ma's worryin' most likely. Well, now, seein' it's you mebbe I might make it. There's a bowl of bread an' milk waitin' for me at the tavern, but I reckon it'll be there when I get back. All

bending interestedly over a collection. "He must be an artist," thought Rosette, covertly eyeing the strong, intellectual face. "No, he's too much of an artist," she decided after further observation. "What a splendid physique—and such eyes! My, one would know he was the right sort just to look at him."

Suddenly the stranger looked at his watch and hurried away. Rosette's interest began to wane, she wandered through the rooms absent-mindedly. When a clock struck 3 she started in astonishment; the afternoon had actually slipped away without her realizing it.

A dull rayless sky hung gloomily above the waters of the lake as a single passenger alighted at the little red station. The car lights feebly revealed the well-worn trail which zigzagged down the road and across a plot of turf to where, in a narrow inlet, a small steamer was darkly outlined against a hedge of willows. Two lanterns at the sides glared like the fierce eyes of a watchful Cerberus.

Rosette peered beneath the awning. "Capt. Duggan!"

"Ay, ay," responded a bluff, deep-voiced man from the depths of the shadows, and the owner of the Water Sprite appeared—a thick-set personage

"If that ain't gitt'!" Capt. Duggan was lost in admiration at Rosette's appearance. "W'y most gals would a fainted plumb dead or gone into their terkles. Land! I wish I could get her out of this fix some way. It don't matter so much about this ol' critter," and the captain carefully scrutinized the horizon.

"Hullo!" "Hullo!" called a strong voice when within speaking distance. "What's the trouble?"

"At her round tother side," bawled the captain. "We're stuck on this confounded ol' stump."

Nearly drenched, Rosette was assisted into the rowing boat and in a maze found herself facing her athlete of the afternoon.

"I had just reached the hotel when I heard your signal," he explained, his eyes fixed admiringly on Rosette.

"W'y, if it ain't Mr. Lanford!" exclaimed the old man with enthusiasm. "We'd probably bin playing with the fishes 'bout this time if ye hadn't steered us just as ye did. Look there!" A flapping awning and a smokestack was all that was left of the once vigorous Water Sprite.

Rosette pushed back the muslin draperies of her window and bolstered her curly head upon a round, white arm. Through a breach in the darkness above a stream of light trailed across the lake and turned to silver the toasting whitecaps in its path. For one instant its rays fell upon a launch which shot across the shining track and then was lost in the darkness he yond.

"It was to be," murmured Rosette with conviction, as she watched a vague moonbeam that rested for one brief moment upon the snowy billow, and recalled Cassius Lanford's look as he bade her good-night. "Dear Aunt Louise—the sound of a bell below!"

A sudden recollection—"she shall have that potted chicken to-morrow if I have to go after it myself!"—

New Orleans Times Democrat.

Warning.

Mr. Monk—I see by the Jungle News that it's a scientific expedition, and that Teddy is only after specimens.

Mrs. Monk—Then look out for yourself, for everybody says you're the worst specimen of a husband in the neighborhood.

Some one has said: "What is more pitiful than a complaining woman who no longer complains?"

Richmond Terminal

Legal Paper, City and County

Charles Sumner Young, Proprietor

INVESTED BY SATURDAY

BY

Dr. Warren B. Brown

Editor and Publisher

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now they do so at their own risk.

There is strong demand for

labor in all agricultural districts.

with good wages and promise of

permanent employment. Demand

for women and girls in the can-

ning and drying establishments

over the state is especially ur-

gent.

Colonization effort is receiving

great impetus, and many desirable

settlers are coming to all parts

of the state.

Anson Blake of Blake & Wil-

son, to a Terminal representative

Friday said that in order to com-

plete Macdonald avenue before the

rainy season an extension of the

East Shore & Suburban Railway

is being made to San Pablo quar-

ry. The first street through the

city will have macadam and sub-

grade laid over the car line as it

can be done more speedily. For

the side streets as they are built

the rock for filling and macadam

will be hauled in cars to certain

points from which Richmond

teams will haul the material on the

street.

RAMBLER

HIS FOOT IN IT.

George Klinkle and Maude Wal-

ker got their names in the San

Francisco papers in a scandalous

story. Had the couple not been so

well known in Richmond, our

story would have been shorter. Now

it would not be surprising to hear

of Klinkle's marriage to a duchess,

and the girl to a count. The no-

tariety would not be greater. All

the "blab-guts" are busy.

NOTICE.

Hereafter Oneth Tribe, No. 183

Imp. Order of Red Men will meet

on Friday evenings, commencing

July 19, 1920.

H. B. KISTER,

C. O. R.

Dr. L. G. Swain

OPTICIAN

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For the convenience of many out-

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San Diego, 6th; and Los Angeles, 7th;

San Bernardino, 8th; and San

Antonio, 9th; and San Marcos, 10th;

San Luis Obispo, 11th; and San

Diego, 12th; and San Bernardino, 13th;

San Luis Obispo, 14th; and San

Diego, 15th; and San Bernardino, 16th;

San Luis Obispo, 17th; and San

Diego, 18th; and San Bernardino, 19th;

San Luis Obispo, 20th; and San

Diego, 21st; and San Bernardino, 22nd;

San Luis Obispo, 23rd; and San

Diego, 24th; and San Bernardino, 25th;

San Luis Obispo, 26th; and San

Diego, 27th; and San Bernardino, 28th;

San Luis Obispo, 29th; and San

Diego, 30th; and San Bernardino, 31st;

San Luis Obispo, 1st; and San

Diego, 2nd; and San Bernardino, 3rd;

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